



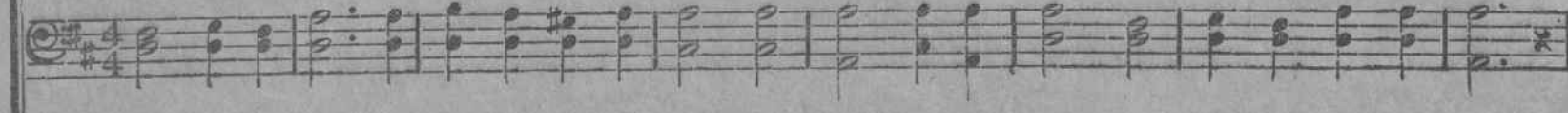
# The Home Call

"My times are in Thy hand" — Psalm 31:15

## HIS LAST HYMN BY THE AUTHOR OF "Shall We Gather at the River?"



1. It mat-ters not—the man-ner of our go-ing; Soon-er or lat-er comes the Mas-ter's call;  
2. It mat-ters not, if on-ly we are read-y, Do-ing His will, ac-cept-ed by His grace;  
3. It mat-ters not—the way of life's con-clu-sion, If by Re-deem-ing Love we are pos-sessed;



In sum-mer's sun-shine, or in win-ter's blow-ing, The mes-sage comes to all.  
Bear-ing the ban-ner of our great hope stead-y, And stand-ing in our place.  
In deep-est hush or wild-est storm's con-fu-sion—The Fa-ther know-eth best.

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The Sunday Journal prints this herewith. There is a sad but striking fitness in the title and subject of the hymn which this immensely popular author wrote just before his death. Doubtless he wrote it in anticipation of his own end. It affords a remarkable parallel to the last poem of Tennyson, "Sunset and evening star, and one clear call for me."

"Shall We Gather at the River?" has been sung by millions of people in America and England. While it has not the high poetical merit of such hymns as Cardinal Newman's "Lead, Kindly Light," it has a simple but genuine melody and profound feeling. Dr. Lowry was the author of many other hymns which were only a little less popular.

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on the dress of the people; a gloom of sadness had been cast over all. Everywhere there was death. And across the mind of the pastor came the thought, "Shall we all meet again; we who have known and loved one another here on earth—shall we meet in the hereafter?"

In 1865 the words and music were first published in book form in a hymnal called "Happy Voices." Since then it has appeared in all the popular hymn books in America and Great Britain, having been included in the Sankey hymns and translated in nearly every tongue in which the gospel is preached.



THE REV. DR. ROBERT LOWRY, author of the famous hymn "Shall We Gather at the River," and "Where Is My Wandering Boy Tonight?" has just died, in his seventy-fourth year.

Strange to say, the last hymn he wrote was "The Last Call."

## Following Christ's "Parable of the Five Talents" to Raise a Church Debt.

Statement by the Rev. George H. Neal, the Pastor.

MINES is a wonderful church. It was active when I came to it. It will always be active. It is composed of people mentally, physically and spiritually alive. I claim no credit. I simply do not hinder the work of the "hustling," unselfish people. They will raise the church debt, or do anything else that, under God, they try to do. I believe that the spirit of Christ was self-sacrifice. There can be no Christianity without self-sacrifice. I try to develop in my people a keen sense of individual responsibility. Most of my parishioners, no matter how poor, give a tithe of their earnings to the church. I am sure that God blessed Pitman Church, because He knows that his own spirit, the spirit of Christian socialism, dwells there.

THE Pitman Methodist Church at New Brunswick, N. J., is known as the most active church, for its size, on the Atlantic Coast. It can raise more money, and raise it sooner, than any church of its size in the United States.

Its pastor, Rev. George H. Neal, Jr., preaches self-sacrifice and individual responsibility, and points out the wrong of burying your talents in the ground. Never a sermon but has some such reminder, and the sense of personal responsibility has dominated everything else in the Pitman Methodist Church. That is the reason that all who know the Pitman Methodist Church believe that it will succeed in its undertaking of raising the

boot-blacking. She has already begun her two months' contract of blacking her father's and husband's boots. They will pay her what they would to any "boots" for a shine, and sometimes, in reward for especially brilliant shining, she will exact from them a tip. She expects to clear \$25.

Mr. A. V. Gulick, the Sunday school librarian, has spent part of the dollar in repairing an old scissor and knife grinder. He has put up a sign on the fences: "Scissors and knives ground cheaply and well, while you wait," and in other than business hours he grinds away industriously at the dull utensils that are brought him. He expects to earn \$50.

Mrs. H. V. Ellis bought flour and yeast and is putting home made bread on the market. She hopes that her dollar will bring a return of \$50.

Mrs. C. B. Hamill, joined with four other church women, and gave an Ocean

How Society Folk Are Blacking Boots, Selling Taffy,



REV. GEORGE H. NEAL

Peanuts and Pencils to Make One Dollar Roll Up to Five.

can judge she has but one talent. That is for making tea blent. Her biscuits are as famous as is Miss Schenck's taffy. She has no reason why she shouldn't clear as much as Miss Schenck.

Archibald Wark expects to make \$10 by an investment of \$1 in peanuts, and selling them to "the boys."

Miss Gertrude Wobbe is strong and energetic and "can stretch a carpet better than a man." She will turn this talent to account, and her income will depend upon the amount of her patronage.

Miss Anna Striker is determined to earn as much money with popcorn as will her friend, Miss Schenck, with taffy.

Mrs. John Marsh and Miss Milby Opie will sell lead pencils. Returns indeterminate.

Miss Delia Outcalt will sell crocheted lace.

Mrs. Mount Gravatt is a genius at fortune-telling, and will turn it to account. Mrs. L. B. Hope will sell ginger snaps

George Ross will buy and sell mittens. L. H. Hope will buy and sell second-hand shoes.

Miss Alida Opie will make sunbonnets for next Summer's country resort wear.

Edward Reed will mend and operate wheelbarrows.

Miss Nell Meserole will make fancy lamp shades, and Miss Suydam paper boxes for holiday sales.

Mrs. Theodore Runyon will sell pies. John Cattleart and Frank Moore will give stereopticon lectures in New Brunswick and vicinity.

The church is confident it will raise the debt by February 1. If necessary there may be an extension of time. Each dollar



church debt of \$1,500 by the vestments of \$50. The officials of the church recently made up a purse of \$50. This did not go far toward discharging the debt, and the pastor unfolded a pet idea of his.

"Let us follow the parable of the talents," he said, and opened the Bible at the twenty-fifth chapter of Matthew, and read of the servant who had five talents, and the servant who had two and the servant who had one, and of the Lord's censure of the servant who buried his because there was only one.

"Let each member who desires take one dollar of the fifty and invest it as the Lord directs and as he is able. As the Master gave talents to his servants, so do we give these dollars to you. On the first day of February we shall ask of you an accounting of the dollar and its earnings."

After the service there were more applicants than dollars. That was ten days ago, but already the dollars invested are bearing the fruits of reward. The members of Pitman Methodist Church have been taught that no task was too menial for their Saviour, and that, in consequence, no task is too menial for them. The more prominent of the members are setting an example, in lowliness of spirit, to the least prominent.

The wife of the superintendent of the Sabbath school, Mrs. Archie V. Wark, has invested part of her dollar in boxes of



Grove entertainment. The church parlors were decorated with small trees and large detached branches. On these oranges were tied. The ladies of the committee and the guests were orange ribbon. The refreshments were orange cake and orange ices. They cleared \$40.

Mr. R. Y. Stuphen, Mr. A. V. Wark, and others, will give a stag party, to which no admittance will be charged. Everyone, however, must pay for the privilege of going home. Their expectation reaches \$50.

John Carhart has bought bicycle tools and will "doctor" debilitated wheels. He hopes to contribute \$20 to the fund.

Mrs. Henry Arbogast says that lovers of root beer know not the charges thereof. She will sell the beverage, and expects to clear at least \$15.

Miss Eva Schenck can make better molasses taffy than any one in New Brunswick. There are some admirers who say she can discount any one in New Jersey. She bought a big jug of molasses with her dollar, and will make fresh candy every day but Sunday until February 1. She has visions of reaching the maximum \$50. If each of the fifty stewards



she received one dollar do as well, the church debt will be wiped out. Mrs. H. S. Wark displays boxes and papers of pins conspicuously in her sitting



on window, and has put up the sign "For the Church," over her stock. She thinks she can increase her dollar tenfold. Mrs. Isaac Griggs says that as well as sh



must be made to produce \$50 in order that from the \$50 distributed \$1,500 shall be raised. The same church once organized a Dime Investment Company. Seven dollars and twenty cents were given out to the members at the rate of ten cents each. From the dime investments the church realized in five months \$250.



and crullers. Mrs. Frank Van Hise will deal in kitchen



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How the Congregation of the Pitman Methodist Church in New Brunswick Is



PITMAN M.E. CHURCH

Raising the Sum of \$1,500 "In His Name" to Clear Their Church of Debt.

### New York's Noble Canvasser Has a Rival.

W HILE a real Earl, Lord Cassilis, is canvassing New York's "400" for a \$2,750.00 book, San Francisco society women are being diverted by an equally polished book agent, though his name is not so high sounding.

He is Mr. Woodward Woodward. This up-to-date book agent drives to a fashionable residence in the forenoon, steps nimbly out of a coupe clad in correct morning dress, faultlessly gloved, freshly shaven and enervated, shining from his morning tub.

He sends up an engraved card, somewhat indelicate as to address, and the mistress of the house, at a loss to think who would call uninvited in the morning hours, concludes that he must be some forgotten friend or cotton partner whom she has asked to call and whose name she has completely forgotten.

He babbles of the weather, the last cotton, the current society gossip. After a half hour of this playing at cross purposes—desperately uncomfortable

as far as the hostess, balancing on the edge of her chair, is concerned, but apparently moments full of ease and comfort for the gentleman—he unfolds his business.

The conversation has drifted to the appointments of the house, and then, guided by the experienced stranger's tongue, to the library. Presently he asks as to the standard editions his hostess possesses, displaying a knowledge of literary subjects which quite amazes madame.

At this moment he elects to make his coup d'etat. He tells her the name of the big New York publishing firm for which he is travelling. He extols his wares, and he asks her flatly to make a purchase. So fast does he talk that he never allows her to voice her protests or to gain her breath. He goes to the door and beckons to the coachman, who straightway brings to the door a neat dress suit case full of his master's wares, and the surprised woman is obliged to see him spread the books out in her parlor.